

"I can't eat this. Any of it..."

I looked up at Cyrene and she was smiling again. A brief sparkle lit up her eyes until they were like emeralds, and she leaned up over the table and kissed me softly on the lips.

"Thank you..." she whispered.

I cannot say that her kiss was a kiss that I enjoyed, because at the moment she kissed me I became aware of her inner nature. Her breath, like her heart, was cold and merciless. A look of urgency appeared on her face.

"Get out of here. Now." There was no trifling in her voice as her eyes scanned nervously toward the sharks who now were right outside the windows. I started to rise, but not fast enough apparently, as Cyrene warned me again.

"There is no time. Get out."

Interestingly, she kept her voice low enough that no one else could hear her. I followed her gaze out the window, and almost fell back when I saw what she was watching. The gray whales had again begun to move, but this time they were swimming through the coral reef toward the windows.

I stumbled out of my seat, knocking my chair over in the process, and dashed toward the stairs and the exit. Halfway across the room I stopped and looked back. Cyrene was still seated, and it was clear to me that she had no intention of leaving. The first whale was just outside of the window, and I leapt up the stairs through the portal just as the 'host' was slamming it shut. I landed awkwardly as I heard the windows smashing below. The host slammed the portal door shut and locked it, looking back with a cruel grin.

"You don't know how lucky you are..." she said, as I jumped to my feet and started toward the front door.

As I left that awful place at the edge of the sea I turned back and was able to see down through the portal window into the restaurant. To speak of what I saw in that instant still makes me shake so badly that I can hardly write with any legibility. What I saw in those next few moments has driven me to the bottle and all manner of self-destructing vices. What I saw in those moments has driven me all but insane and still may someday claim my life... but I feel as though it is imperative that I share it with you.

The restaurant was rapidly filling with water, already it was deep enough to cover all but the tallest in the room. The waitresses had grabbed the *all too real* tridents from the hands of the statues, and they swam

through that water with graceful lethality. All around panicked people were desperately trying to run toward the stairway, but most were being cut down in turn by the trident wielding women, who stabbed them as though they were trout in a stream. Blood filled the water and this attracted the already ravenous sharks, who swam in through the broken windows and began to feast on the still living who were in many cases pinned in place by tridents. The sharks fed on everyone. No mercy was shown to man, woman, or child. A few of the *more resourceful* victims made it up the stairs, only to find the portal locked. I can still see their faces to this day... hands clawing at the windows, voices panicked, screams of sheer terror.

The host made no attempt to unlock the portal; she merely smiled as the water rose up the stairwell. I could not watch then, for with the water came the sharks. I turned and ran out of the restaurant to my car.

Looking back, it might have been better to have died. My life is a shambles. I drink all day, and spend whatever money I have on passing pleasures. I have lost all of my friends, trying to convince them that my story is true. No matter how many times I have tried to again find the road that leads to the restaurant I have been unsuccessful.

I fear as though this may be my last day outside of a mental institution, for the pain has become almost unbearable. Now, just as I am finishing this letter, I am looking down out of my apartment window toward the fish market five stories below, and I smash my bottle of vodka against the wall. For far below I can see three of those wicked women wandering amongst the unsuspecting crowd...

*Neptune's Harlot* was written easily, with the words flowing out of the author. It was as if his typing hands were being controlled by his subconscious mind. Many times an author will speak of a story *just pouring forth from out of their mind*; this is a virtually certain sign the literary work is a magickal creation overflowing with embedded spirits.

Only the most obvious of the embedded spirits were highlighted. There are many more spirits embedded within; some of which cannot be referred to directly. At best these non-apparent spirits can be alluded to by a thorough comprehension of certain sections of the story.